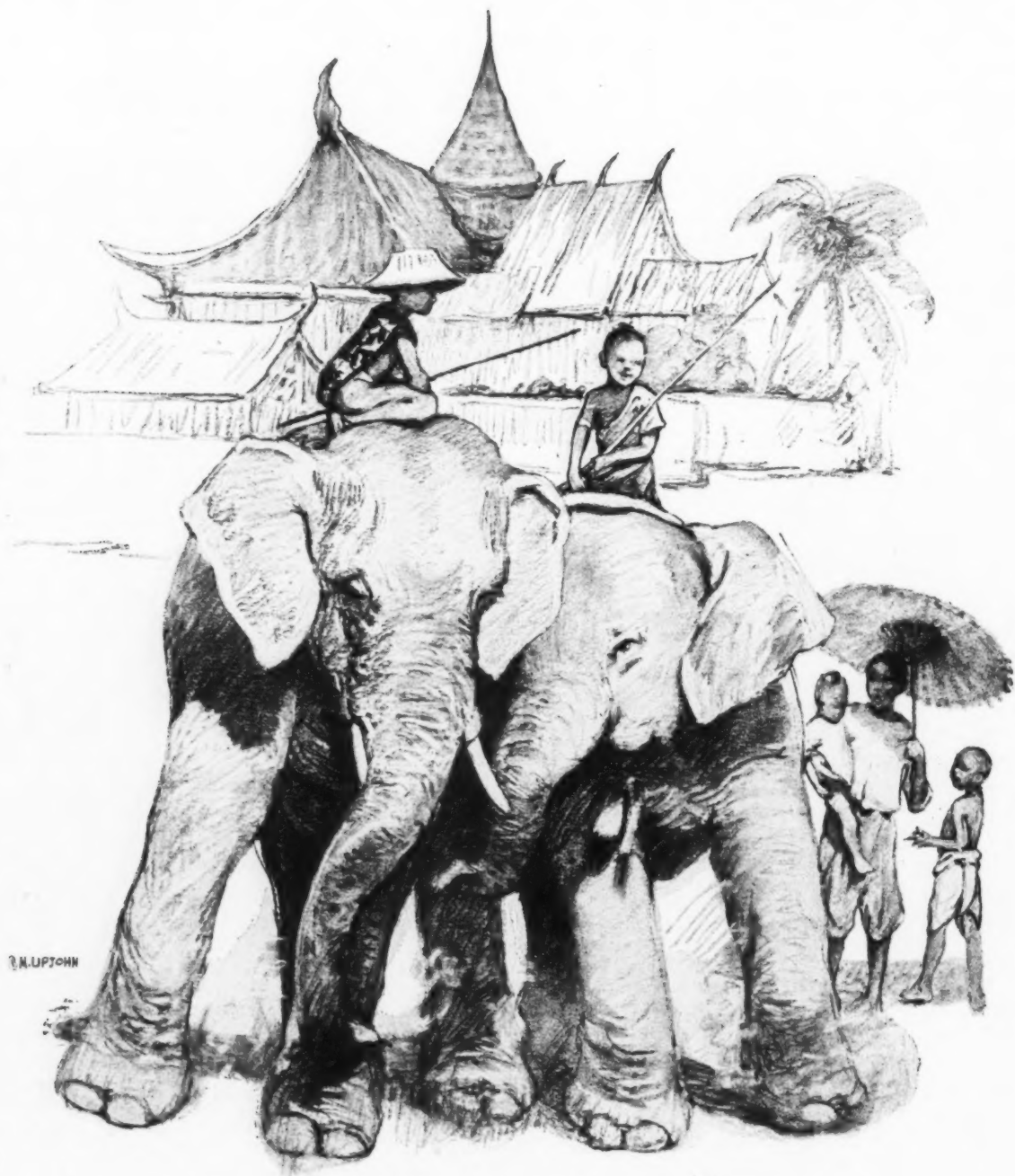


American
JUNIOR RED CROSS
February 1926 **NEWS** *"I Serve"*





J. H. UPTON

Two young elephants came swinging down the road, their eyes twinkling with rascality as they lurched against each other. The boys mounted on their backs called out gaily to Rama, who viewed them enviously from his dust tracks. "Where are you going?" he cried (See page 103.)

A Petunia Hat

Anna Milo Upjohn

Illustrations by the Author

THERE was a barefooted shuffle on the steps and a Siamese woman squatted on her heels in our doorway. Putting her palms together she raised her hands before her face like an adoring angel and waited.

She was Prayonka, the wife of the table boy, and she was not worshipping. She was only "y-ing," that is, saying in polite Siamese, "Good morning, how are you?"

Presently, respectfully rolling her wad of betel nut between her teeth and lower lip, the better to disclose the black and crimson of her mouth, she told us that on Saturday she and her mother-in-law were to begin making pots for palm sugar and she thought we might like to see them at work. It was arranged. On Saturday afternoon, when the fierce edge of the heat was somewhat blunted we set out for the compound where our table boy lived with his clan. Prayonka accompanied us with little Po Sa astride her supple hip. He was dressed like all little boys of his country in nothing at all, set off by a wide hat like a petunia flower. His elder brother, Rama, ran noiselessly beside us in his white loin cloth.

Between the columns of the palms we caught vistas of conical hills shimmering like frosted silver under their mantle of the sweet, white frangipani flowers. Between the hills an enormously high and slender spire, rising from a golden dome, pierced the blue as with a shaft of light. Around us the dust rose chokingly as the road stretched forward, stark and white, marked off at regular intervals by the cobalt shadows of areca palms.

As we approached the compound, two young elephants with their drivers came swinging down the road, their eyes twinkling with rascality as they lurched against each other, hoping to start some mischief. The boys mounted on their backs called out gaily to Rama, who viewed them enviously from his dust tracks.

"Where are you going?" he cried.

"Down to the river to water our elephants," they replied importantly.

It was known to every boy in Petchaburi that Mongut and his brother owned their elephants. Their father, who was engaged in loading teak-

wood on to the river barges, had a small herd for this purpose and was training his sons to follow him in his business. With this in view, he had given them full charge of their own beasts.

An elephant, taken from the jungle and trained to work, needs special care. He must not be over-

worked, yet if he has not enough to do his leisure goes to his head. Because of a fatty substance which forms behind his eyes his temples swell, and if the swelling is not worked off by exercise the fat oozes out, affecting the animal's brain. He goes mad, running wild and trampling everything in his path. The elephant loves his bath, and takes two a day by preference. If he can find some one to curry him all over with a stiff brush of coconut fibre he is blissfully contented. But he is insistent about his food, and demands plenty of it. If the jungle is near he is allowed to forage for himself with a keeper in tow. If home-fed, he thrives best on bran, molasses and hay. The Siamese call elephants "those people" because they are so clever and knowing.

It takes much watchful effort on the part of the owner to keep his animals in form. But they are too costly to be neglected. Mongut and his brother were not in the habit of overworking their elephants any more than themselves, but they enjoyed parading them in the cool of the day. Now they passed on, throned high above the pedestrians pattering humbly through the dust.

The compound where our table boy lived was approached by a leafy lane leading from the road, and closed by a wicket of braided bamboo. In-



Rama, with palms together and hands raised to his face, is "y-ing" or saying in polite Siamese, "Good morning, how are you?"

A Great American

By an eighth-grade boy in the New York City Schools

One hundred years have passed away
Since on a dreary winter day
God gave the world a noble man,
A great and brave American.
His deeds are known from pole to pole.
Deeds speaking of a fine, brave soul.
His words like sweet perfume of flowers
Revive the heart in weary hours,
And like a beacon clear and bright
Transform all darkness into light.
What joy to think we, too, may be
The champions of liberty;
And like this noble hero grand
Give struggling men a helping hand.

side there was a small colony of huts, neatly built on posts, thatched with palm and grouped under the shade of coconut and banana trees.

A high woven fence half hidden by vines and oleanders gave the impression of an enclosed garden. The grounds, bare of a single spear of grass, were swept clean like a floor. In the middle of what would be the public square of a village stood a great wicker basket nine or ten feet high, daubed with clay and protected by a thatched roof. This was the rice bin. Nearby was the threshing floor, a square of trodden earth with a curb of hardened mud, where the rice was heaped and a carabao turned loose to tread it down. But the most precious thing in the picture was the "Spirit House," a tiny building set on a post like a dove cote before which was placed a food offering in a blue bowl.

Our table boy came forward to greet us, followed by a medley of women, young and old, and a troop of naked brown children with gleaming anklets and dark, peering eyes. Each had somewhere about his little person a yellow string to keep off evil spirits.

"Pa," drawled Rama, "won't you buy me an elephant?"—as who should say, "Won't you loosen up on the price of a Rolls-Royce, Dad?"

"An elephant!" gasped his father weakly, subsiding under a banana tree, "why, he would eat the thatch off the house over night! Besides, it is no child's job to drive 'those people.'"

"I could do it as well as Mon-gut," said Rama, sulkily. "I'm not afraid."

Prayonka now led the way to the pottery shed, which stood apart, its low walls formed of dried palm fronds standing on end like gigantic fans with untrimmed edges. Under the shade of the thatch stood the potter's wheel, the moist clay and the ash-gray rows of shallow, unburned pots. Woven mats had been spread on the ground in our honor and on these we settled ourselves. Prayonka turned the wheel while her mother-in-law moulded the flat pots into which the liquid palm sugar was to be poured, and which must be broken in order to extract the cake, so like our maple sugar in appearance. Both women had short hair, cropped like a man's and standing straight on end. They wore the usual *panoong*, a long strip of cloth drawn between the knees and caught up behind to form trousers, displaying to best

advantage their well-rounded legs. Their shoulders and arms were bare.

Prayonka was a comely person, quiet and mongoloid. Her full breast was bound by an orange scarf and over her clipped head was tossed with careless grace a cloth of magenta and green. Her black *panoong* and her mother-in-law's, blending of violet and wine, completed the brilliant Siamese color scheme. To be strictly in fashion, however, the mother-in-law's *panoong* should also have been black, that being the color prescribed for Saturday, while red is Sunday's color, green Tuesday's and so on.

The new woman of Siam is said to disdain the use of the betel nut and to turn to dental creams. But in Petchaburi there is no new woman. "Any dog can have white teeth," is the Malay verdict.

While the sugar pots were forming under deft fingers a clangor of yells and gongs beat its way in from the outer world. "A procession!" we thought, jumping to our feet.

But the children had sprung before us. Bursting through the wicker gate they were tumbling down the lane toward the street. In the distance we could see Po Sa's tiny figure, crowned with its petunia hat, in the very middle of the road, and galloping toward him the two elephants we had seen a half hour earlier, now trumpeting with rage, riderless and shrouded in dust. Their young masters had left them too long without exercise and the pain in their heads was driving them mad. The terrified townspeople were beating gongs and pans to warn every one of danger.

Po Sa's baby mind seemed paralyzed by the noise for he stood rooted with terror in the track of the mad stampede. A shriek went up from the crowd. While it still rang in our ears a flying figure flashed through the air, clearing the hedge as though on wings. It was Rama to the rescue.

There was a confusion of brown limbs, a cloud of dust, a bright hat tossed in the air as Rama grabbed Po Sa, then a splash as both rolled into the ditch just as the elephants thundered past, lashing the dust and screaming with frenzy.

The earth was still trembling from their charge when two scared boys dripping with ditch water rose to the level of the road. All they saw was a flattened, dust-coated petunia hat.



A river boat of Siam



The white house on the Potomac that was home to the Custis children

The Children of Mount Vernon

Ellen McBryde Brown

Photographs from Leet Brothers

IN this funny little house in one corner of the hedge around the garden at Mount Vernon, the two grandchildren of Martha Washington "did their sums" nearly one hundred and fifty years ago. There were no others to go to school with them, for in those days,



of course, there were no public schools, and the children of wealthy landholders like Washington were taught by private tutors at home.

This boy and girl, Eleanor Parke Custis and George Washington Parke Custis, had been adopted by General Washington when their father died and had come to live at Mount Vernon, where their father had grown up

and his sister "Patsy" had lived most of her short life. Nelly, as she was called, was only four and her brother two, when they came, so they could hardly remember any other home than the white house on the Potomac, or any other parents than the tall, gray-haired man with big hands and feet and kind, blue eyes who was so good to them, and the busy grandmother who was strict with both of them, though sometimes she did spoil the little boy.

The Custis children never dreamed of having and doing and seeing all the things the children of today take as matters of course. Yet they could not have had such a dull time, after all. There was so much

going on on the big farm. In the spinning house they could watch thread being spun from flax and wool and woven into strong cloth for the garments of the two hundred slaves on the estate. In the big kitchen they could look on while the two fat Negro women with bright handkerchiefs about their heads cooked delicious smelling things in the open fireplace. There were no stoves then. Down at the mill they could see Miller Ben grinding hundreds of barrels of flour from wheat grown on the place. At the stables they could peep in at old Nelson and Blueskin, the two strong horses that had carried their big adopted grandfather into battle. And sometimes they would tease Billy Lee, the general's Negro body servant, for tales of the Revolutionary war days.

Now and then sloops came sailing up or down the broad river in front of the house, on the way to or from the towns of Alexandria or Georgetown. It was thrilling when one sailed in with goods ordered from London; for nearly all manufactured articles came from

(Continued on page 109)



"They sometimes came to the kitchen, where delicious things were cooked in the big fireplace"

Something to be Proud Of

Junior Activities in a New Jersey School



Members of the Health Club drink milk to gain in weight

these pages. Part of the report reads as follows:

"Our Junior Red Cross organization embraces many activities of school life—in fact, all activities tending toward good citizenship of the nation and the world.

"The organization constitutes a group unit, while each sub-unit is an individual organization. One of these units,—membership in which is considered a great honor by the boys of the school, is the group of Junior Flag Bearers. It consists of eighteen boys from the sixth, seventh and eighth grades, who pledge themselves to protect and guard our flag in the school and, whenever occasion arises, beyond the school limits. Only those boys may become members who have proved themselves clean, honorable and truthful, and have shown that they have real patriotic feeling. Upon admission, each member must learn all the fine points of flag etiquette. Individually, or in groups, they are given special duties to perform. These duties consist of raising and lowering the flag on the flag staff in front of the school building, while a mass drill is in process, keeping the various classrooms supplied with fresh, clean flags, and with flag literature, and seeing that the younger children understand and carry out flag etiquette. The Publicity Committee is in charge of

WE HAVE lately received a report from Augusta School at Irvington, New Jersey, of its Junior doings in the last school year that shows that this school has a very live lot of workers. It was illustrated with fifteen snapshots, some of which are used on

the correspondence between the Flag Bearers and boys of various countries of Europe.

"Closely allied to the Flag Bearers are the Junior Police, an organized group of boys and girls, selected because of qualities of leadership, self-control and other good traits. Members of this patrol act as guards on the school premises, and in the neighborhood of the school. The boys and girls sworn in are under oath to perform their duties as directors of traffic, to look after orderly behavior by members of the school on the street, and to attend to the safety of younger children going to and from school. Members of this patrol are in full charge of fire drill. At the sound of the fire gong, each immediately takes his or her post.

"Another group of the Juniors is the orchestra consisting of piano, violins, cornets and drums. They expect to add to this from time to time. They play the music for marches in the school building, drills and entertainments.

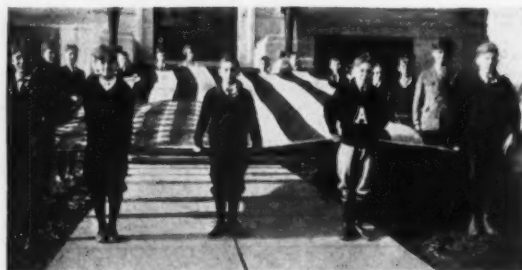
"At the beginning of the session, the Juniors organized a Health Promotion Club, which is principally a milk and cracker club for children below normal in health and growth. After a careful examination by the school physician and nurse, such children joined the milk club and were given a half-pint of milk in the middle of the forenoon session, and in some instances, another glass in the afternoon. The milk for those who

could not afford to buy it was paid for with money earned by sales under Junior auxiliaries, for not only have the citizens of Augusta School organized regular Junior Clubs, but each department and class within the school is a unit auxiliary. For the benefit of the whole organization, classes have given entertainments and plays such as, for instance, Miles Standish and Rip Van Winkle.

"The art department entered most heartily into the making of hand-painted articles, including Chinese trays, coolie hats for hanging baskets, and scarfs of silk. Many of these articles were purchased by patrons of the school, the funds being used for Junior activ-



The Junior orchestra furnishes all march music for drills, entertainments, and so on



The Junior Flag Bearers are eighteen boys selected from the sixth, seventh and eighth grades

ities. This department also had full charge of the making of the art covers for the portfolios for the European correspondence. The sewing classes contribute their share in articles made in class for children who need them.

"The foreign correspondence is of such great interest to our Augusta Juniors that there is scarcely one child in the

entire school who has not contributed something. During the past year, we have sent portfolios to schools in many States, as well as to schools of Central and South America, Guam, Hawaii, the Philippines and Alaska, France, England, Belgium, Holland, Germany, Lithua-

Several plays have been given by the Juniors. Here we see a group of boys as the Indian Council in Miles Standish. In the inset are Priscilla and John Alden



nia, Esthonia, Czecho-Slovakia, Italy, Japan, South Africa and Australia. The class making each portfolio chose the country to which it was to go, though it had to be sent to some part of the world about which the

particular class was studying in geography. The class studying New Jersey history and geography prepared a portfolio on that subject.

Another class included the industries and life of Irvington. Another group prepared a portfolio of our school, using snapshots and drawings to illustrate it. Nineteen portfolios were sent in the last shipment to Washington."

Silver Paper

ALL of us are fond of the shiny stuff, and probably most of us have at some time or other saved it for no better reason than that we admired it. Some of us may have played that it was money, and to the Juniors of Atlanta, Georgia, it is money. In 1924 a contest among the schools for saving tin foil resulted in saving enough to bring \$63.65 to the Service Fund. This was a large sum, as the Juniors were told in their paper, *The Junior Citizen*, when it is remembered that "tin foil such as is torn off candy, chewing gum, and many other perishable articles, is regarded purely as a waste product by most people."

During 1925 a similar contest was conducted. During a single month 728 pounds were collected, the winning school bringing in 40 pounds and the closest "runner up" contributing 38 pounds. The sale of this netted \$36.40.

The schools put boxes marked "Tin Foil" in some convenient location, and the children collected it from lunch rooms, ball parks, amusement parks, in homes — any place where people are buying confection and throwing away the wrappings. When the boxes were full they were taken to the Junior Red Cross office from which the tin

Ruth Evelyn Henderson foil was sold to a local firm which handled only wholesale quantities.

The Juniors had to exercise considerable carefulness in distinguishing between lead foil and tin foil wrappings. Lead foil sells for a much smaller amount than tin foil. Information was given in *The Junior Citizen* which enabled every one to distinguish between the two. Lead foil when rolled into a little bunch makes a black mark on a white surface. Tin foil will not make such a mark. Lead foil will burn but tin foil will not. Tin foil when crushed makes a crinkly sort of sound but lead foil makes no sound.

The proceeds from the sale were set aside for two special service projects—\$27.90 to purchase milk for under-nourished children and \$8.50 to begin a fund to buy a victrola for the Boys' Industrial Farm.



The People's Street School was awarded a banner for saving 40 pounds of tin foil

Photo Lane Bros.

AMERICAN JUNIOR RED CROSS NEWS

Published Monthly, September to May, inclusive, by AMERICAN JUNIOR RED CROSS, Washington, D. C. Copyright, 1925, by the American National Red Cross.
Subscription rate 50 cents a year, exclusive of June, July, and August; single copies, 10 cents. School subscriptions should be forwarded to the local Red Cross Chapter School Committee; if chapter address is unknown, send subscriptions to Branch Office, or to National Headquarters, American Junior Red Cross, Washington, D. C. All subscriptions for individuals should be sent to American Junior Red Cross, Washington, D. C.

VOL. 7 FEBRUARY, 1926 No. 6

National Officers of the American Red Cross
CALVIN COOLIDGEPresident
WILLIAM H. TAFTVice-President
ROBERT W. DE FORESTVice-President

JOHN BARTON PAYNEChairman Central Committee
WILLIAM D. MITCHELLCounselor
GARRARD B. WINSTONTreasurer
MABEL T. BOARDMANSecretary
JAMES L. FIESERVice-Chairman
ERNEST P. BICKNELLVice-Chairman
ARTHUR WILLIAM DUNNNational Director, Junior Red Cross

*Let us impart all the blessings we possess or ask
for ourselves to the whole family of mankind.*
—George Washington

WINTER IN JAPAN

THE two or three leaves that are left after all the others have been blown away, are sailing on the stream. From between the garden fence the oranges may be seen glittering in their golden hue. Out in the wide field there are only a few people. The gusts of wintry winds that blow is bitter enough to make me feel as if my ears are frozen off and my body shrunken. The sky becomes gray and cloudy, the tiny particles begin to fall, making the whole world silvery white. At night the moon is high and bright; the stars are scattered here and there, and the moon, shining on the leafless trees, throws a broom-like shadow on the ground. The ground is frozen hard and the clattering of the wooden clogs may be heard clearly in the distance.

TOSHUCHI NAKAI, KITAZATO SCHOOL,
Kitazato, Japan.

SUBSCRIPTIONS TO FOREIGN JUNIOR MAGAZINES

IN THE January NEWS we spoke of the rates for subscriptions to the Austrian, Belgian, Latvian, and Polish Junior magazines. We have since heard from the Greek and the Czechoslovakian Junior Red Cross about subscriptions to their periodicals.

The Czech Junior magazine, with its supplement for younger readers, will be furnished, with English translation, postage prepaid, for \$4.10 a year. Without translation, the price is \$1.14. With translation, the issues of the magazine should be received five or six weeks after the date of publication, which is the first

of each month. Subscription checks should be made to the Czechoslovak Red Cross, Prague, Czechoslovakia.

A year's subscription to the Greek magazine, without translation, will cost \$1.00. With an English translation, the subscription price is \$1.50. Money should be sent by check made to Mr. Lampadarios, Secretary-General, Junior Red Cross, 41 Solon Street, Athens, Greece.

PERSONAL SERVICE TO THE SCHOOL

HERE is what Milton Socolof, an eighth grade boy of Public School 131, Brooklyn, has to say on the subject:

"Every one has heard of people doing service to their country, their state and their city, but has any one ever heard of a person doing great service to his school during his school days? Even so, no one can hope to do service to his country if he does not do it for his school. Service, whether to country, state, or city, is all the same thing. Any one can do for his school what George Washington did for the United States.

"You may not be able to free your school from all material enemies, but you can free your school from dirt and paper, which are your greatest enemies.

"Service can be performed in a way that you would consider insignificant, such as picking up papers. There is just as much service in little things as there is in big things.

"Some ways of doing your school service are: Assist the teacher; be quiet while passing through halls; beautify your school by planting flowers around it; assist in making plays and entertaining in the auditorium; participate in all activities that will help to make your school the best in the city; cultivate sportsmanship. This is one of the best ways of rendering service to your school. Last, but not least, always give your best to your school, and whatever you are told to do, do it cheerfully, for there is no honor in being forced to do a thing.

"The boy or girl who will serve his or her country best is the one that served his or her school best. The boy or girl worth while will serve his or her school with a smile. Let our motto be: 'Serve your school.'"

TWO MAGPIES

Two little magpies sat upon a rail,
It might be Wednesday week;
One little magpie flapped his little tail
In the other little magpie's beak!
They fit and they fought, and scratched each other's
eyes,
Till all that was left upon the rail
Was the beak of one of those little magpies
And the other little magpie's tail.

—Reprinted from "Through the Gateway,"
Courtesy, National Council for Prevention of War.

A MISTAKE

THE poem, "If you Want to be Happy, Give Something Away," which we printed on page 62 of your December NEWS, was reprinted, as we stated, from the January, 1925, number of the magazine of the Juniors of New South Wales. But credit should have been given to the *Canadian Red Cross Junior*, which published the original poem in its issue of November, 1923, and had special permission to do so from the W. J. Gage Company.

The Children of Mount Vernon

(Continued from page 105)

abroad in those days. One order that Washington sent for Nelly Custis was for "stiff coats of silk, ruffles, fans, shoes, eight pairs of kid mitts and four pairs of gloves." Nelly, who was a pretty little thing and the darling of the household, must have enjoyed showing off her silk coats, her ruffles, her fans and her silk shoes and kid gloves. One time the boat from Europe brought a wonderful new harpsichord for her. General Washington had paid a thousand dollars for it. But tears fell on its keys many a time, for her brother wrote about how poor Nelly used to "cry and play and play and cry," while her grandmother sat by and insisted on her practising four or five hours a day when the little girl wanted so much to be running about outside.

On a fine day in April, 1789, when Nelly was ten and her brother eight, the two children watched their grandpapa ride away with Billy Lee, just about to burst with pride, and a small escort in attendance. He was going all the way to New York to be inaugurated as President of the new country that he had done so much to make. A month later their grandmama's comfortable chaise was driven up to the door and she and the two children climbed in and soon they were off on the long drive to join Washington in the capital. That was a glorious trip for the children. At Baltimore Mrs. Washington's party was met by a cavalcade of gentlemen on horseback, who escorted them into the city. In the evening there were fireworks in honor of

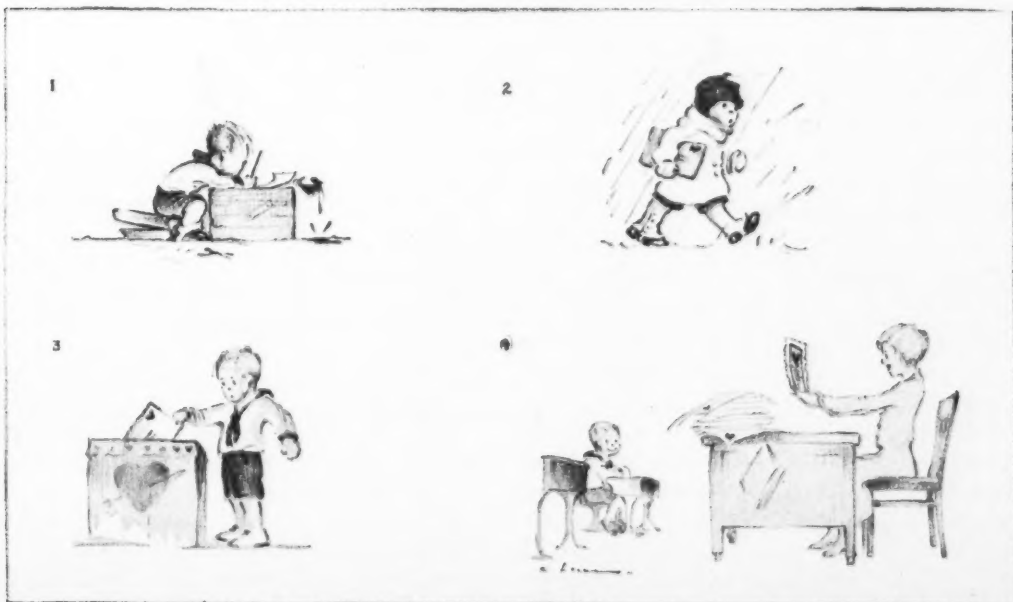
the wife of the President and after supper there was a grand serenade.

Ten miles outside of Philadelphia the party was met by the President of the State of Pennsylvania and two troops of dragoons, in dashing uniforms and mounted on spirited horses. Then came a company of ladies in their finest clothes in handsome carriages. Mrs. Robert Morris, the wife of the wealthy banker who had done so much to save the cause during the Revolutionary War, joined Mrs. Washington, and George Washington Parke Custis, feeling just as big as his name, had Mrs. Morris's carriage and coachman all for himself. I dare say that, when grandmama was not looking, Master Custis crowed over Sister Nelly a little bit.

At Elizabethtown Point President Washington met them in a specially decorated reception barge with thirteen pilots in white uniforms, one for each State in the Union. Thirteen guns were fired in Mrs. Washington's honor.

The Custis children must have had a lovely time driving about New York in the coach President Washington imported from England soon after they arrived. It was of cream color and was decorated with gilt moldings and with the Washington coat of arms. Six spanking bay horses drew it about the streets of New York and of Philadelphia after the capital was moved to the Quaker City. The best drive was when it came swinging through the lodge gates at Mount Vernon and the children caught sight of the white house among the trees and knew that they were home again.

Pee Tee's Valentine



Drawn by Catherine Lewis

Peter Gintautas*

A Debt of Remembrance

BOUND between its green banks, the Niemen flows through the old town of Rusna. A broad street runs along the outskirts, stretching down to the very bank of the river. The smoked roofs of little old houses that were inhabited by the fathers and fore-



Peter

fathers of the Rusna merchants are black. In my boyhood days drivers used to stop with their carts in the broad street; sometimes numbers of them stood there in long rows day and night. Commerce flourished, and the river was animated by ships of all descriptions arriving from different countries. Some brought fish to town, others carried away goods to places farther down the Niemen.

Children played amidst this confusion of vehicles, people and ships, stopping for hours together in any spot where they saw something new and wonderful. Those who lived near the river knew all the ships, knew whither every one of them was bound and what kind of goods it would take on board. The larger ones made acquaintance with the leaders and learned to help them handle the cargoes. In those times there were but few steamers navigating on the Niemen. Most of the vessels were towed.

How we liked to be sent into town occasionally to buy thread or tobacco for some captain! And how splendid it was when one of them by chance allowed us to go on board his boat. That was the most precious reward for our services. There we used to sit in the tiny sailors' cabins, examining the construction of the boat and learning to make a sailor's knot with strings or ropes. Sometimes we were allowed to stay aboard for supper when we had boiled, unpeeled potatoes with herring. I still seem to have these boats before my eyes and I remember their names: The ones I liked best were the

boats from Klaipeda (Memel); the sound of the pleasant Klaipeda voices seems to be in my ears even now.

My happiest remembrances belong to those times, yet the River Niemen at Rusna was the scene of one of the most terrible adventures of my youth.

It was just before Christmas. That day there were no boats at all on the river. A thick fog arose, and large blocks of ice floated down the stream and, coming into collision, grated against each other. We children played on the bank, running after the floating pieces of ice and trying to break the smallest ones with long sticks, sometimes even venturing to skip across to one of them. Peter Gintautas, our eldest comrade, who was training to become a sailor, was standing near us. He had been suffering for a long time from lung-disease and had been in a hospital; now he was well again and was to undertake his first voyage in the spring, when he intended to join a Danish ship. He used to tell us many beautiful things about the wonders of other countries, about the life of seamen and all its delights. Now Peter stood near us, looking at our game, and said roughly:

"Stop. This will end in trouble."

"Why should it end badly?" We laughed at him, calling him "fraid cat," and Johnny Vaidilas, the boldest of our company, went so far as to get angry with Peter and told him:

"What will you do at sea when a storm breaks out and throws your ship about if you are afraid even of this?"

"What do you know about the sea?" answered Peter. "I understand more about the sea than you do."

"Come here, if you are not a coward," cried Johnny. "See what a big block is floating up to us. An enormous block. Perhaps half the size of America. Now I want to be Columbus and discover America. There is the block close by. Look here . . . Who will go with me?"

He looked at me with a challenge in his eyes. Naturally, I did not want anyone to call me

a coward, and without thinking over it, I exclaimed: "I am coming with you."

As soon as the big block of ice moved closer to the bank, John leapt onto it and I followed him. There we stood gaily in the midst of the large, even block of ice, laughing aloud.

VALENTINES

Anna Medary

I'd like to send a valentine
To Juniors, don't you know,
I'd like to send one off, I would,
To Spain or Mexico,

To Italy or France or Greece,
Or England or Cuba,
Or Turkey or Afghanistan,
Or Wales or Panama,

Or Czecho-Slav or Sweden, too,
Or Egypt or Peru,
Or Paraguay or Uruguay,
Or Guinea, that's called New.

I'd like to send to all of them,
But I must choose just one,
And I won't tell which one I choose,
For that will be the fun.

But I shall hope you won't choose mine,
And on that pleasant day,
Our valentines will go to all
The Juniors far away!

* From *Ziburelis*, the Lithuanian Junior Red Cross magazine, February, 1925. Photographs furnished by courtesy of Lithuanian Legation in Washington.

"Jump back, jump back . . ." cried Peter, waving both his arms at us.

"You come here, if you have courage enough . . ." answered Johnny.

I saw Peter standing on the bank with clenched fists, looking at us angrily. He did not jump onto the ice where we were, but stood immovably on the same spot. Suddenly, he turned round and went away. We laughed and sent many a mocking and scornful word after him.

Meanwhile, our block floated slowly along the bank, and we two stood close to each other and gloated in our own courage. I looked around the river and saw thousands of large and small blocks of ice floating towards the distant sea. Suddenly, our block heaved, one of its ends drew away from the bank and we found ourselves separated from the bank by a broad strip of water.

"Do you see what has happened?" I asked Johnny anxiously.

"Never mind, the block will turn again towards the bank," answered he.

We watched with suspense all the movements of our ice block; its rounded side turned towards the bank, while the pointed one took the direction towards the middle of the river. Then our block came into collision with other pieces of ice and a large part of it broke off. I glanced at Johnny. He stood pale as a sheet. We could distinctly feel the vibration of the breaking ice.

"Good heavens. . . . What are we to do now . . ."

We had already floated some yards off the bank. Pushed by other blocks, our block of ice moved always toward the middle of the river. We suffered unspeakable torture.

"Peter, Peter . . .," cried I, "help us. . . ." But not a living being was to be seen on the bank. All work was ended on the river in that season, and few people ventured for a walk on this cold, gloomy December evening. But Peter? How could he have helped us? He had probably gone home and, no doubt, could he have heard us crying, this "fraid cat" would have no wish to help us since he had not had enough courage to jump onto the ice with us.

There was not a human being near the bank, no one heard our cries, and the ice block floated on and

on, small waves splashed against its sides, and it swung to and fro gracefully. Around us there were only blocks of ice and black depths of water; death alone awaited us. We were seized with an unspeakable dread. We could not even make a movement, we were petrified, for was it not possible that a single step would cause the ice to break under our feet and we should fall into the abyss? The only sounds we heard were the cracking of floating blocks and the gurgling of water.

How long would this voyage go on? Should we ever be driven back to the shore. It would be night soon, and we should be carried far, far away from the town; perhaps we might manage to climb onto the bank somewhere far from the port and have to spend all night in the open, not knowing our way home. But that would be the best possible issue. For if the ice broke, we would be plunged into this terrible, icy abyss. My heart began to beat violently, and I surveyed the bank with frightened eyes. Through the mist we could just make out the dark strip of earth. I thought of my father, now sitting in his warm little room and reading his paper, while my mother sat near the stove, sewing.

"Oh, they do not know what a terrible misfortune is threatening them. Could they but trouble to know where I am? O, why have I done this . . . !

Why did I not listen to Peter . . . !"

The thought tormented me immensely. Perhaps Johnny was feeling the same thing. His eyes were fixed on the big pieces of ice under his feet, his face was deathly pale.

But what was this? We noticed a black spot in the mist. Was that a post? . . . In that case we were lost; bumping into it, the ice would split apart. Then we seemed to hear something, but what was it? Was it some one calling us? We were floating nearer and nearer to the black object. Although it was nearly dark by this time, still we could make out that it was not a post, but a small boat, with a man in it, who was cautiously making his way between the floating pieces of ice, straight towards us.

We watched him, holding our breath. Now the boat came close to our block of ice, the man stopped



"Not a living soul was to be seen . . . few people had ventured out on this cold December evening"

and threw out his anchor chain, which dropped right under my feet.

"Take it," he said.

We stepped forward and trembling took hold of the anchor.

"Lie down . . ." was the next order.

We laid ourselves down on the ice obediently. Holding the anchor, I crawled close to the edge of the ice and brought myself to the side of the boat; the man moved to the other side in order to keep the balance, and I climbed in. After that Johnny did the same, and there we were both sitting in the boat.

"It was pretty hard to get through between those blocks of ice floating against me," said our rescuer. We peered at him through the darkness. It was Peter Gintautas who had saved us. We could not utter a single word, we felt so very uncomfortable and sat silently in the boat, while Peter directed his way towards the shore.



"On reaching the bank, we all got out and Peter chained the boat to a post; then he went home along with us.

"Peter, dear Peter," said I. "You are not a coward, you are the bravest of us three."

He looked at us with astonishment and said:

"Did you really think I could let you perish?"

John Vaidilas did not speak, but tears ran down his face and he held Peter's hand all the way home. That day I learned to know what real courage and bravery and faithfulness are.

In my later life I often saw Peter, who became a seaman and sailed on Klaipeda ships. I have even now many nice letters from him in my writing desk. I have them, indeed, up to the one he wrote a few days before his death. Acting as pilot during a terrible storm, he gave his life for others.

And now, whenever I hear anyone talk of courage on land or at sea, I think of you, Peter Gintautas.

The Elephant and the Crocodiles

Illustration by Catherine Lewis

I SUPPOSE most of you know Rudyard Kipling's tale of "How the Elephant got his Trunk." This is another elephant story that was told me by an African traveler, and he ought to know. He said:

Once an elephant went down to the river to bathe. The elephant, like all noble animals, is a clean beast. He dipped his trunk into the stream and was drawing the water up into it, as if it were a great squirt, when a crocodile seized it and tried to drag the elephant into the river. But the elephant was too strong, so the crocodile called to another crocodile who happened to be passing, "Hi! You. Hi! You catch hold of my tail and pull too!"

But even so they were not strong enough to pull the elephant into the river; so they called to another, and another, and so on, till there was about a mile of crocodiles in a string, all trying to pull the elephant

into the river. And they pulled and the elephant pulled. He stuck in his toes and pulled with all his might, he twisted his bit of a tail round a tree stump and pulled with might and main; but, bit by bit and very slowly, the crocodiles pulled him towards the brink of the river. Then the elephant, who was a sagacious creature, had an idea. The crocodile, you remember, had hold of his trunk, so the elephant—all of a sudden and very hard—blew down the crocodile's throat! And the crocodile coughed and let go so suddenly that he and all the other crocodiles fell over backwards with the most enormous splash, and the elephant went off into the forest.

And so all young crocodiles know that you should never let any one breathe into your face—but you children have to learn it. (From the *Junior Red Cross Journal*, British Red Cross Society.)





Courtesy Bureau Insular Affairs

A pack train carrying copra, dried coconut meat, from which oil is pressed for soap and nut butter

From the Philippine Mailbag

IN the Philippine Archipelago, which we always call the Philippines, there are seven thousand islands and islets spread out over the sea in such a way that those at the north are almost in hailing distance of Formosa, Japan, and the islands at the other extreme are like stepping stones over to Borneo. There are really, you might say, three Philippines all gradually being made into one. In the southern islands are the Moros. They are descendants of Malay pirates who used to keep the Filipinos along the coasts in constant terror. They are Mohammedans. Most of the Filipinos proper live in the middle islands and the lowlands of Luzon. They have Spanish blood and have been Christians for more than three hundred years. In the mountains in the north of Luzon are various tribes, the Igorots, the Bontocs, the Ifugaos, and others. They are mostly pagans. Nearly all the people of the islands are Christian Filipinos, who number more than nine million of the whole ten million inhabitants.

The girl in this month's calendar picture belongs to the Igorot tribe of the Mountain Province. Up at Baguio, on a

beautiful slope shaded with pines, is the Easter School started by Bishop Brent of the United States for Igorot girls. They live in a big dormitory at the school and learn to be good cooks and seamstresses and weavers as well as how to read and write. Miss Upjohn tells about the scene in the room when she painted the calendar picture.

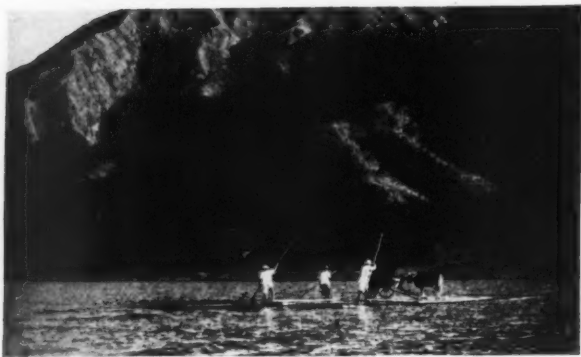
"In the long, rafted workroom of the Easter School sat weavers of rainbows. The sun striking through the open windows onto webs of pearl and gold, green and crimson, seemed caught there, filling the place with radiance.

"It was April and the summer vacation had begun, but the older girls were staying on, giving up half their holidays so as to make more articles for sale and thus earn funds to keep up their beloved school. Hat bands, girdles, table runners, gay bags and pillow covers took form under their nimble and sensitive fingers.

"Between the looms passed Elizabeth, the mistress of weaving; she was a dignified creature with great, luminous eyes. Her blue-black hair streamed over her shoulders. She was gentle of voice and manner, and with



The carabao, or water buffalo, is the Filipino farmer's friend



Bridges are scarce and ferries are used for crossing many streams



Courtesy Bureau of Insular Affairs

Most of the salt of the Philippines is evaporated from sea water

her coronet of striped silk she looked like some old-time princess directing the work of her women."

Each one of the tribes in the Mountain Province has its own dialect. A girl in the high school at Baguio tells the legend of how this came about:

"A long time ago there lived a rich man who had seven sons. This man tried his best to care for his children when they were yet young, but when they had grown up he wondered what would become of his sons. One day he decided to send them on a long journey to seek their fortunes. When everything was ready for their journey, the seven sons bade farewell to their father and started out.

"They had not gone very far when they passed through the center of a very beautiful valley. Half way through it they found a rope hanging from heaven. As they were ambitious young men, all decided to climb the rope. When they were very high up in the sky the rope broke. They dropped and were scattered through the mountains. Each son learned to speak a different dialect in the section

where he landed. That is why we have seven dialects in the Mountain Province."

Miss Upjohn gives us the story of the boy and girl on this month's cover of the magazine:

"Down on an island of the Sulu Sea live Aki and her brother.

"Like most Moros they are Mohammedans, and learning by heart the lessons of the Koran takes the place of any school work. Zent can recite chapter after chapter faultlessly, and one day I found Aki deep in study, before the tawny parchment book resting on its teakwood desk. With a slender vermilion stick the child followed the text, murmuring the words softly.

"Zent sat in the sea-door watching a 'vinta' with horned prow and triangular sail skim over the water. Through the loosely built walls of nipa palm the sea wind drew refreshingly while beneath the floor the tide lapped softly."

This is what a Filipino high school boy of Vigan writes about the flag of the Philippines:

"The first Filipino flag appeared in 1896. It was red with three K's in the middle of it. The three K's were the initials of the Katipunan, the association which led the revolution against Spanish rule. This was the kind of flag that the great Filipino patriot Andres Bonifacio used. In the next year instead of the three K's there was a sun with eight rays, though sometimes one K was placed in the middle of the sun. Before the end of 1897 another kind of flag appeared. It had two broad stripes, the upper one red and the lower black. There was no sun. This was the kind of flag that General del Pilar, the hero of Tila Pass, used. The last change of our flag took place in 1898,

The triangle was white, the upper stripe was blue and the lower one red. A burning sun was placed in the white triangle; then the three stars were added, one at each corner of the triangle. This is what we now call the Filipino flag. The white field in our flag stands for purity and peace; the blue stripe means true patriotism and love of country; the red stripe means bravery; the triangle means equality. The sun is the symbol of light, and the stars represent the three grand divisions of the Philippines—Luzon, the Visayas, and Mindanao. Our flag is a national flag. It is the emblem of the whole archipelago. It is the flag of the Filipino people.



This Filipino girl wears the national costume made of pineapple tissue

The Top Is the Safe Side of Ice

W. E. Longfellow

ICE has the makings of the most delightful of sports—skating, sliding and ice boating, and skate sailing—the two last at the speed of the wind. But indulgence in these sports carries with it more than a spice of danger. Falls on ice provide more than their share of bumps, twisted or sprained ankles, bruised knees, strained wrists and bumped heads, but the dangerous falls are through ice and not upon it.

Anchor ice forms when the pond freezes hard from top to bottom. Slush ice, or porridge ice, very often fills a pond from top to bottom; but it only looks solid, being soft and treacherous as the name implies. It occurs when the ice is melting or when it is first forming.

Another dangerous kind of ice is the sort that freezes while snow is falling. This formation is pretty poor skating, regardless of its thickness; it melts quickly, may disguise air holes or fishing holes and is a good kind of ice to stay clear of.

The safest ice is the firm black kind, free from air holes and snow, which is formed at a very low temperature. Various park departments throughout the country have found that when this ice is four inches thick it will bear up horses, and so they allow skating on a pond frozen solid enough for the passage of their horse scrapers. In winter campaigns our Army engineers do not have to bridge across streams on which the ice is from four to six inches in thickness, and horse artillery is allowed to travel on such ice. If strong enough for horses and cannon, it is clearly strong enough for girls and boys, even the large groups that gather on a skating pond.

Older students should by their example and precept prevent the younger ones from taking foolish chances. After all, there is nothing very heroic about a wild skater who has broken through the ice on a pond, thus endangering the lives of those trying to rescue him. Danger signs are not usually placed around a pond until lives have been endangered or even lost on the spot pointed out in this way. They should be carefully heeded by all good citizens, whether of school age or voting age.

When a person has broken through the ice, the rescuer must distribute his weight over as much sur-

face as possible, either by the use of a ladder or a plank along which he crawls. Flat poles will do if nothing else is handy. Even resting on a hockey stick distributes the weight over a greater surface than if the weight is on the feet or hands. Avoid letting rescuers get bunched up on the ice; keep spread out.

Sprawling out on the front of the body with the hands and feet widely spread and crawling along in single file sometimes works out. It is better, however, to put a rope around a light weight rescuer and have him crawl to the edge where he grasps the person in the water, who will probably be too benumbed to hold on to a rope. If you can get a life buoy of the Red Cross type from a summer bathing beach or swimming pool, it may do good service if hung near the deep water of the winter skating place. It may be worth while for the school Juniors to purchase a cork life buoy and sixty feet of line from the Red Cross supply department for protection on the pond in winter.

The plan of flooding a hollow place near the school—a flooded tennis court makes a good skating rink—is working satisfactorily and provides a place in the well-lighted part of town which requires little safety supervision. Find the hollow and perhaps the local fire department will flood it for you with a line of hose from the nearest hydrant. If this is done on a freezing night, the ice will be smooth and clear—a splendid skating pond.



Photo Underwood and Underwood

Skating on the Lincoln Memorial Pool

TABLE OF CONTENTS

February, 1926

MORO CHILDREN.....	Cover
SIAMESE ELEPHANTS.....	Frontispiece 102
A PETUNIA HAT.....	103
<i>Anna Milo Upjohn</i>	
A GREAT AMERICAN.....	103
THE CHILDREN OF MOUNT VERNON.....	105
<i>Ellen McBryde Brown</i>	
SOMETHING TO BE PROUD OF.....	106
SILVER PAPER.....	107
<i>Ruth Evelyn Henderson</i>	
EDITORIAL.....	108
PEE TEE'S VALENTINE.....	109
<i>Catherine Lewis</i>	
PETER GINTAUTAS.....	110
VALENTINES.....	110
<i>Anna Medary</i>	
THE ELEPHANT AND THE CROCODILES.....	112
FROM THE PHILIPPINE MAILBAG.....	113
THE TOP IS THE SAFE SIDE OF THE ICE.....	115
<i>W. E. Longfellow</i>	



Three Good Friends

